SMOCK FAD IS ADDED BY ALL

And now enters the smock—that is, it is entering everybody's wardrobe. At first, writes a fashion correspondent, this curious fad was followed only by those of artistic or gardening temperament or those who loved the most advanced and different sort of thing. The smock has undergone so many modifications from its first appearance as the typical peasant garment, which it really is, that it is in point of fact hardly recognizable. Its name, too, has changed, for whereas in the beginning it was just a smock, now it is known as the "overblouse," and the chemise blouse, and the Cossack coat.

The gardening period in our recent lives is believed to be responsible for the acceptance of this type of blouse. The smock is so comfortable with its loose free lines that it became at once just the sort of thing needed for this sort of work, especially since it looked just as well with trousers as with skirts—a thing which could not be said of all waists or blouses. Of course trousers were a part of the gardening days, and while they have retired at least from general service as far as woman's need for them goes, the smock remains, glorified beyond its most humble followers' recognition.

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Charming Russian blouse of blue draped over a dainty frock of dark blue chiffon.

Of great beauty are those overblouses of midnight blue voile closely pailleted all over with round silver disks and held in place with a thick cord of silver threads. This is to be worn with a skirt of silk or sport satin or gabardine and makes a pleasing costume. The printed chiffons have been extensively used for the type of blouse. One seldom sees them without a belt of some sort, generally a heavy silken cord which encircles the waist and loops in front with heavy tassels or fringe.

If the smock is worn under the coat it is often left free and unbelted, but rarely is it seen now worn in this way without one's coat or sweater. The smock of the unbelted variety has a decidedly dressing sacque look, but so many women understand so cleverly the adaptation of every mode, that we are spared an avalanche of ladies apparently abroad in their breakfast coats or boudoir jackets.

A Lovely Smock Blouse.

One of the most beautiful of all the smock type of blouses seen lately is of finest indestructible white voile, braided all over in fine white silk braid in circle design. The bottom of the blouse has a hem of white silk faced back onto the blouse. A vest is cut at the front and piped with white silk. Two silken buttons caught together with loops of the narrow braid fasten it at the throat. It slips over the head in kimono fashion and a heavy silken cord of white slips around the waist and loops in front. This charming thing is to be worn with white skirts of satin or silk or crepe.

A curious concession to the overblouse notion is found in many elaborate waists of chiffon or georgette with the front piece left long enough to go over the skirt and the back, stopping just at the waist line. The belt of the skirt slipped over the front panel gives the effect when worn under a coat or a vest. The blouse, of course, buttons down the back. The vestee lives on and on and appears just as often on simple waists of wash fabric as it does on the more elaborate type.

One finds waists of georgette with vests made by using frill after frill of narrow Valenciennes lace. Always the vestee is simulated by leaving the front panel longer than the back so that it hangs over the skirt. Just as often one finds a hem of some contrasting color to the body of the blouse added, the contrasting color appearing on collar and sleeves also.

Now and then in a very fine smock of organdie one finds this sort of trimming done with fine lace.

Of all of the delightful summer things we have seen none is more charming than the smock of organdie of a new sort which has dots of a different color scattered thickly over its surface. Tiny frills of the plain organdie trim collar and sleeves and edge the turned back hem, while narrow string belts of the organdie hold the extra fullness in place at the waist. These offer the greatest degree of freshness and crispness—which any summer wash fabric ought to have.

The Long Cossack Blouse.

A variation of the smock is the Cossack blouse. This is just as apt to reach to the knees as not. It often buttons right up to the chin, or again it is apt to separate down the front entirely to show a vest underneath of richness and beauty. The Cossack blouse, as the name tells, is borrowed from Russia. It has the same drooping fullness at the waist that one sees in the Russian peasant garment, arranged over a wide belt of the same material as the whole garment or of different color and fabric.

The skirt of this blouse is always very long, and just as apt to reach to the hem of the skirt as not. It is most often developed in some handsome fabrics such as georgette thickly braided or beaded, or in silken indestructible voile or even in heavier silk or velvet, and naturally is intended for elaborate occasions. There is nothing which offers a simpler way of remodelling an old garment than the use of a Cossack blouse.

One can really make a sort of elongated shirt and belt it in at the waist and conform thus strictly to the type. Or the front can be opened, a vest added and the sides of the skirt be left open to show the petticoat of the dress beneath. There are endless ways in which one can vary the design, therefore it has everything to recommend it.

Now because there is much talk of these newer models we must not for a moment think that the regulation blouse or shirtwaist is out of favor. Indeed, it is not, and it is repeated in just as many materials as there are factories to make them. The kimono type with its slip-on ease is still much favored for the dressier blouses of georgette or chiffon. Many have a rather tight foundation over which is hung a panel of contrasting color back and front. This panel, while short, is left to hang free over the skirt and is smart in appearance. The sleeves of this blouse are of the same color and material as the body. One often finds this type of waist enveloped in a combination of organdie and linen or pique or heavy lawn. The effect is pleasing and unusual, too.

Waist of Tailored Type.

As to the more tailored type of waist for traveling or business there are several models which bid for favor. One of these is the strictly tailored design following the exact lines of a man's shirt and is much affected for sport wear. A long time ago shirts of this sort were made of a brilliant striped percale and these are again in favor—bright red and white stripes vying with those of the most vivid blue or green or yellow or black for first place.

These, of course, are strictly tailored and have the appearance of belonging to one's brother, as they demand the same ties and link cuff buttons.

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Gayly embroidered smock adds charm to the wearer who sports a dainty hat to match.

Another tailored model is less severe than these, as it has a turned down collar usually added of some heavier material than the sheer lawn or dimity or linen of which the blouse is made. In one model the collar of linen crash becomes a pointed revers extending the entire front and fastening just below the yoke with one large pearl button. Fine lawn is used for the body of the blouse. The cuffs which finish the long, tight sleeves, are folded back to fasten with buttons or narrow bows of black and white ribbon.

Hip Stiffening in Skirts.

Hip stiffening is being used to a large extent in Paris dresses, giving skirts very much the old crinoline effect.

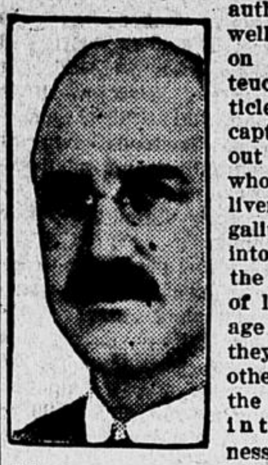
Legality and Levity

By REV. L. W. GOSNELL

Assistant Dean, Moody Bible Institute, Chicago

TEXT—That the righteousness of the law might be fulfilled in us, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit.—Romans 8:4.

We have borrowed the above title from an old writer, C. H. Macintosh, author of the well-known "Notes on the Pentateuch." In an article under this caption he points out that many who have been delivered from legality descend into levity. From the one extreme of living in bondage to the law they pass to the other of "turning the grace of God into lasciviousness." It is about this danger we would speak.



Let it be clearly understood that Christians should not live in bondage to the law, for, as Paul says, they "are not under the law but under grace" (Romans 6:14). Many, alas, do not understand this and pass their days with the spirit of slaves rather than with the spirit of sons.

Christian Liberty Only for Slaves.

We are bold to say, however, that even this spirit of bondage is better than a spirit of laxity which brings dishonor to the name of Christ. Here are words which might well be written in letters of gold: "It is a true saying that Christian liberty belongs only to slaves, and that none can safely be set free from law until they have become, under grace, the slaves of God. Better far remain in the 'barracks,' hedged in by law on every side, even with the daily grace lacking, than ever allow Christian liberty to degenerate into license." A man ruled by God requires no outward control, but others do. "Only the God-possessed man can be truly free in the Christian sense, and if God has not got his heart he had better stop behind legal walls and keep at any rate from dishonoring God. This is not the true Christian life, but it is a good imitation."

But let us rejoice that we do not need to stop behind legal walls in order to be safe, but can be both safe and free. One has put it in this fashion: The Gentiles are without law, the Jews are under law, and Christians have the law of liberty, or love. That is, Gentiles have liberty and no law, Jews have law and no liberty, while Christians have both!

The Doctor and His Dog.

We recently came across a homely illustration which we venture to quote verbatim. It is from Dr. A. T. Schofield, the well-known English specialist on brain and nerve diseases, who writes as helpfully on the life of the spirit as he does on physical and mental health. He says:

"Some time ago I was the proud possessor of a beautiful collie called Jock. When he first came up to London, having never seen a crowded city before, he was wild with spirits, and would have dashed away, and I would never have seen him again had I not put him under law by the purchase of a strong collar with a dog chain attached. Now there are in London, as in the world of men, three classes of dogs: The strong dogs which have liberty and no law, and end their lives at Battersea; there are the respectable dogs, like mine, which have law but no liberty; and there is a third class of dog which occupies, one might say, the Christian position of law and liberty combined.

The Law of Love.

"Jock, my collie, soon got to know me, and one day after he had been with me for a few weeks I went down into the hall to take him out, and he put up his head as usual to have his chain fastened on his neck, but I said: 'No, Jock, no more chain.' I opened the door, and for the first time he bounded out free. He dashed away in the joyous possession of his newfound liberty as if I should never see him more, but just then another law, of which he himself was unaware came into operation; he looked around, and then came trotting back to walk behind me. I had got his heart, and a dog will never run away from his own heart. The law of liberty is the law of love, and my dog was now chained to my side by the affection that he bore me. All his actions henceforth were governed by that glorious principle which James calls the law of liberty, which our Lord calls the New Commandment."

"The righteousness," i. e. the righteous requirement "of the law (will) be fulfilled in us who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit."

True Wayfaring Christian.

He that can apprehend and consider vice with all her baits and seeming pleasures and yet abstain, and yet distinguish, and yet prefer that which is truly better, he is the true wayfaring Christian.—John Milton.

Danger of Sin.

Sin is never at a stay; if we do not retreat from it, we shall advance in it; and the further on we go, the more we have to come back.—Barrow.

ALL HUMANITY MUCH ALIKE

Only in Early Life Does the Average Man Imagine He Is Different From Others.

One of the great discoveries that come to us as we advance in life is the fact that deep down in the human heart all men are alike. In early life we think we are different from the rest of the world, but as years go by we find that this is not so, that other men have the same hopes and aspirations, the same troubles and anxieties, the same yearnings after happiness and peace. We learn this from our friends, from those who tell us their troubles and ask for sympathy and advice. Then we learn it from books; from the works of great poets and writers, and especially from biographies and autobiographies.

As a child I was sensitive and shy, and felt that I was peculiar in this respect, and different from the others, who always seemed to take themselves for granted. And yet I have discovered that this is the universal lot of all men. G. Stanley Hall speaks of a "newly revealed and grave danger that works countless tragedies in life—that the child's feelings of inferiority should become dominant and make him feel in his earliest years that he is condemned to a low level of existence, without respect, appreciation, admiration or love." Thus the chronic teaser or hector may do great mischief to the tender soul of the child. The child is always asking himself subconsciously, "Do I look worse or better than others?"

This tendency lasts with most men all their lives. We are all the time comparing our lot with that of others. As Emerson says: "Every ship looks romantic except the one we are on;" and again, "Every man's life seems to him covered with the slime of failure and defeat, while that of others seems ideal." It is a great help to know that men are alike in this respect. I could give a long list of well-known men and women who suffered from this sense of inferiority, incapacity and defeat, followed by moods of gloom and melancholy—men like Tennyson, Ruskin, Lowell, Symonds, John Stuart Mill, and, in our own day, Rudyard Kipling, Richard Harding Davis and others.—Exchange.

Solid Heat.

Another of the problems that our army in France disposed of in a practical way was the supplying of fuel for heating and cooking purposes in the trenches. Solidified alcohol filled the bill because it was safe, convenient to handle and burned without odor or smoke. As a result of the demand, huge factories were built to produce this novel fuel. Now new uses must be found for the vast output of solidified alcohol.

Mr. I. Popper of New York city, who made its use of such practical value by inventions such as the mess kit stove, airplane food carrier, dugout heater and various other devices, has again come to our rescue by inventing a special kind of portable stove, ideal for picnics, camping, boating and other outdoor excursions. The stove is made in the form of a suitcase of heavy steel and is provided with a hinged drop which forms the front of the stove when it is erected. Folding feet beneath the stove serve to raise it an inch or so above the surface on which it may be placed. The fuel is supplied in the form of cans, which are placed beneath the burner holes.—Philadelphia North American.

Goldenrod Maligned.

A protest has recently been raised against the time-honored project of adopting the goldenrod as the national flower of the United States, on the ground that this plant is a cause of hay fever and hence nothing ought to be done to encourage its prevalence. A statement now has been issued by Dr. W. Scheppegrell, on behalf of the American Hay-Fever Prevention association, in defense of the goldenrod. It is asserted that while the pollen of the goldenrod may cause trouble when applied directly to the nostrils or used in large quantities for room decorations, as a cause of hay fever out of doors it is absolutely negligible. "It is one of our most beautiful flowers," says Doctor Scheppegrell, "and well merits its selection as the national flower of the United States."—Scientific American.

On Leaden Wings.

Here's another one at the expense of the colored boys who fought in France. Seems a detachment walked square into the center of a German ambuscade of machine guns, which without warning broke loose at the rate of several thousand shots a minute.

Simultaneously two colored infantrymen from Dixie started for the Mason-Dixon line. After an hour's hard running one of them looked back.

"Hy dar, nigger," he shouted to his comrade, "look at all them flies a-followin' you!"

"Get out ob mah way, fool," yelled the other. "Dem ain't flies; dem's bullets!"—Exchange.

Revealing.

According to returned doughboy officers, Paris fashions are getting more bold and amazing every day.

"While I was at Monte Carlo," remarked one, "I saw a lovely girl standing with a friend of mine. She had just joined him and was obviously proud of her costume.

"'How does my new gown show up?' she purred.

"'To the knees,' he answered promptly, and rubbed it in by adding, 'and what stunning buckles you have on your garters.'"

The Scrap Book

PROOF OF MOON'S ROTATION

Nikola Tesla Shows Conclusively That Speculations as to Orb's Movement Are Wrong.

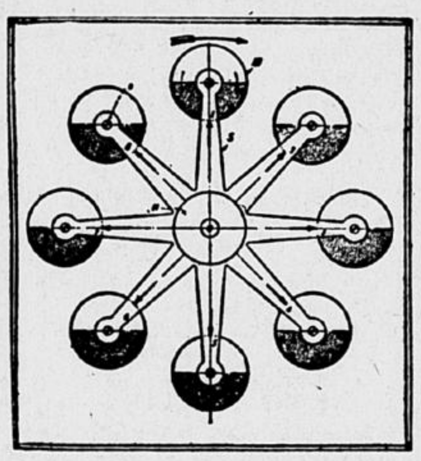
Nikola Tesla communicates to the Electrical Experimenter a striking proof of the fact that the moon does not rotate on its axis, but only seems to do so. Much of his article is extremely technical, involving the complex mathematical formula of kinetics, but the following extract, with the accompanying diagram, can be understood by anyone.

The diagram shows a system composed of eight balls (M), which are carried on spokes (S), radiating from a hub (H) rotatable around a central axis (O) in bearings supposed to be frictionless. The balls are not a part of the spokes, but are supported in pivots (s) which are nominally loose, but can be tightened so as to permit free turning or rigid fixing as desired. To facilitate observation, the spokes are provided with radial marks and the lower halves of the balls are shaded.

Now, with the pivots loose, start the apparatus going in the clockwise direction marked by the black arrow—from position 1 to 8—and by the time it has made the whole circuit of (O) it has shown its whole circumference to any observer at (O). Thus it has revolved on its axis.

Now tighten the screws so that the ball no longer turns freely on its axis, but becomes a solid part of the spoke. The side that is turned toward (O) at the beginning remains always turned toward (O), and an observer at (O) sees only one face of the ball in its revolution.

Now, the latter is exactly the case of the moon. If the moon were free to turn upon its axis, we on earth should see its whole circumference in the course of a month and we might know what is on the other side of the moon as well as we know what is on the one face with which we are all familiar.



Tesla's Apparatus for Demonstrating That the Moon Does Not Rotate.

USEFUL IN MINING DISASTERS

Wartime Device, Perfected by American Engineers, Has a Practical Purpose in Peace.

In the latter days of the war reports emanated from France of a mysterious listening device which "heard" sounds inaudible to the ear and located their source. The same mechanism developed to highly practical form by American engineers, has now been adopted by the United States bureau of mines for locating miners accidentally entombed, says Popular Mechanics magazine.

The instrument, called a "geophone," is practically a miniature seismograph. It is quite simple, consisting of an iron ring closed at each side by a diaphragm of mica. In the center is suspended by a bolt through the diaphragms, a disk of lead. A brass cap forms an air chamber at each end. To the center of one cap is attached a rubber tube with stethoscopic earpieces.

The metal case, set on end on the ground, vibrates to every shock; but the lead disk, held by inertia, does not. The resulting disturbance of the mica diaphragms is communicated to the earpieces with extraordinary sensitiveness.

With two instruments, one for each ear, the listener can accurately locate the source of the sound, and even identify the cause. In government tests pounding with a sledge was located through 1,150 feet of bituminous coal, other concussions registering in proportion.

Misplaced Slang.

A story that has a point worth thinking about was recently printed in the Louisville Courier-Journal. A boy had passed a fairly good examination, and his prospective employer told him to report the next morning.

"I gotcha," said the boy.

"But you haven't got the job yet," was the swift reply, "and what's more, you never will."

The Way It Ought to Be.

"We've got it on record, anyhow."

"What?"

"The Germans admit that we forced them to sign the peace treaty. That ought to end their boasts that they weren't licked."

Sure Enough.

"Nothing was ever settled by force," said the pacifist.

"I don't know about that," replied a man in the audience. "Force seems to have brought Germany to time."

THE ROYAL WELCHERS.

They forced the game, they stacked the cards,
They lost—and scorned to pay.
All honest men expected it—
The bad old Prussian way.
"The Day" they launched their Dance of Death
The world was filled with woe,
And now the piper must be paid,
But not by them—oh, no!

No longer boastful do they feel,
But mourn within their gates
The billions that they hoped to steal
From these United States.
The whole world was to bow to them,
And we the most of all.
Too high was their Icarian flight,
And deadly was their fall!

So now sneak out to meet your fate,
You Hohenzollerns twain,
You Ludendorffs and Hindenburgs
And Mackensens so vain.
Von Tirpitz and the whole vile crew,
Step forth in your disgrace,
And at the court of God and man
Meet Justice face to face!

—Edward E. Kidder.

AND ALL WAS BRIGHT AGAIN

Only for a Moment Did Misunderstanding Disturb the Happiness of the Fair Belinda.

For seventeen minutes by the clock they had been engaged, and during the first fourteen-seventeenths of that time Bob and Belinda had called each other two hundred and forty-seven endearing names—all different. But for the last three-seventeenths of that period there had been a proud and sorrowful look upon Belinda's face, calculated to wither all thoughts—even of orange blossoms.

The young man plunged his hands wildly through his locks.

"I can't imagine, dear," he said sadly, "what has come over you so suddenly. I simply asked if you were romantic, when—"

"Oh, Bob! Forgive me, dear!" exclaimed Belinda, casting her arms affectionately about his neck. "I thought you asked me if I was rheumatic!"

NEVER TOO OLD TO MARRY

British Statistics Record the Entry Into Connubial Bliss of a Man at the Age of Ninety-Two.

Some curious facts are revealed in the registrar general's report of births, marriages and deaths in 1917, says London Tit-Bits.

Whereas most of the marriages used to take place in July, August and September, the favorite months now are October, November and December. Widows remarry in great numbers. Although young war widows affected the figures, it is clear that the war was not wholly responsible, for the total began to increase in 1912. Widowers, too, show an increasing tendency to take the second wives.

The youngest bachelor to marry was fifteen, and the youngest spinster, fourteen. No fewer than 39 males married at the age of sixteen, and 389 at the age of seventeen. Twenty-six spinsters married at the age of fifteen, one of them to a widower; 187 women were sixteen when they married, and of 1,200 marrying at seventeen, 15 married widowers.

The earliest second marriage of males was at the age of nineteen, and three widows remarried at the age of eighteen. Of thirty-nine men marrying when they were turned eighty, only one, aged eighty-one, had never tasted the joy of matrimonial bliss previously, the rest being widowers; but out of nine women marrying beyond that age two were spinsters. The oldest man to be married was a widower of ninety-two, and the two oldest women were aged eighty-five, one a widow and one a spinster.

Mysterious Light.

Even more mysterious than the gegenschein, the faint moonlight glow in the sky exactly opposite the sun, is a still less familiar luminous feature of the night. This is a shifting haze sometimes visible when the moon is absent. Prof. E. E. Barnard of the University of Chicago finds that it differs from ordinary auroral phenomena in appearance in all parts of the sky, and that it is not probably any form of cirrus or cirro-stratus cloud. It seems to be more or less self-luminous, the source of its light being unknown. It may be quite noticeable as a streaky luminous haze, sometimes appears in broad sheets, and seems sometimes to be absent for several years, though at other times there is a great deal of it. It drifts easterly over the stars, remaining visible with a faint, steady light for a considerable time.

Carrying Alaska Mail.

It takes the dog-sled mail to get through. Alaskan huskies may not start out at 80 miles an hour, like Atlantic fliers, but they always arrive, though terrific blizzards may intervene between one post office and the next. In the last two and a half months they completed their 1,800-mile route—the length of the Mackenzie river—from Fort McMurray in Alberta to the terminus, 40 miles south of the Arctic coast, and if they came in 15 days late they did not once turn back.—New York Post.

Record Diamond Found.

Vice Consul Samuel W. [illegible] writes from Johannesburg, South Africa, that a local publication [illegible] the finding of a magnificent [illegible] white diamond weighing [illegible] at the Jagersfontein [illegible] Orange Free State. It is [illegible] the stone promises to [illegible] the historic gems of the [illegible]